ARS CATCHPOLARIA,

OR THE ART OF

DESTROYING MANKIND,

Intended as a *Vade-mecum* or Pocket Companion to Meſſengers and other executors of the Law.

In proſe or verſe I ſhall rehearſe
The mighty ſtretch of pow'r,
Nor ſtand in awe of *Butcher* LAW
Or any ſon of whore:
To give a *whet*, to ſmart my pate
Subſcribers muſt be willing;
Claudero's ſcull is ever dull
Without the ſterling ſhilling.

Subſcription money is taken in voraciouſly by the Author himſelf, and by all others intruſted with propoſals ſubſcribed by him.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for, and ſold by the AUTHOR.

MDCCLXXV.

[*Price One Shilling.*]

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION

TO THE

GRAND CACTHPOLE

OF THE

WORLD,

MAY I presume, Dread Sir, to dedicate the following VADE MECUM to You, the *Prince* of the power of the *Air*. Were I possest of the Eloquence of *Michael* the *Angel*, I would pour it forth on this occasion, politely and respectfully as he did, when disputing with your *Majesty*, about the carcase of Moses the *Arch Magician*: But alas! how defective must my address be, when compared with *Angelic Rhetoric*.

You struck the Harp of Heav'n so loud
Olympus vaults resounded
The gods themselves in wonder stood
And Angels were confounded.

Lucifer,

Lucifer, ſon of the Morning, capital compoſition of *Omnipotence*, Milton's *Hero*, once the *Darling* of the bleſt abodes, Majeſtic yet in *Hell*, thy Infernal patronage is here requeſted.

Who can believe that your *Majeſty* goes a bout, like a *Roaring Lion*, ſeeking whom you may devour. To what purpoſe can this ferocity and vengeance tend? Were you by this aſſiduity to make the whole maſs of Mankind your priſoners, it would not add to your advantage, but increaſe trouble to your vaſſals, the tormentors.

For my own part, I cannot believe that your *Majeſty* can be actuated by folly, or that you would revenge yourſelf upon mortals, no way acceſſory to your downfall.

Pride, majeſtic pride, was the cauſe of your diſgrace, and it is fatal even to us mortals here on earth.

But *Great Sir*, I have always been at a loſs to underſtand thoſe who talk of you diſreſpectfully, calling you a *Thief*, *a Foul thief*, *a Cuckold*, *a Liar*, *a Liar from the Beginning*, and that the truth is not in you.——This is certainly hyperbolical, and can only apply to us wicked mortals,

mortals, who father all our evil upon your *Majeſty*, whoſe grandeur is ſo ſupine, that you ſcorn reſentment or juſtification.

Even the clergy affront your *Majeſty* daily, by giving you the worſt of Epithets. This is cruel, as you have no opportunity of defence: At ſame time it is monſtruouſly ungrateful to abuſe their *Benefactor*. It is by your *Majeſty* they live, live well too, and preſerve their beings. As I have often proteſted againſt this uſage, diſſented from the church on this ſcore and riſqued life and fame in defending your *Majeſty's* honour behind your back, I would therefor plead the title of your patronage to the the CATCHPOLE ART. They are your faithful ſervants, and do more hurt to mankind daily, than your *Devilſhip* has done ſince the Creation of the world. They are devils *incarnate*, we feel their villany, and groan under their oppreſſion, and wiſh to be under your milder reign.

Your *Majeſty* is more noble, you ſcorn heaven; but theſe hypocritical mean villains make their court to it, and by ſo doing, inſult the divinity, and gormandiſe on the ſpoils of their fellow creatures.

Pardon the length of this addreſs, for I expect

pect more clemency from your *Devilship*, than from any *Catchpole* on earth, and I am said to be.

May it please your Majesty

Your Majesty's devoted

Humble Servant,

CLAUDERO.

INDTRODUCTION.

WISE Authors ſtudy to benefit themſelves as well as improve and correct the reſt of mankind, by their writings. My Chriſtian Readers, muſt not believe my chief aim in this publication is to chaſtiſe Catchpoles, This is only my ſubordinate deſign: It is the ſubſcription money that is the firſt mover of this work. Even ſo Clergy take the cure of our ſouls for the great regard they have for the preſervation of their own bodies, and the ſpiritual war would ſoon ceaſe, were not our Troops properly ſupported with ammunition, the large Glebe augmented Stipend, and the fat things of this life.

No man goes a warfaring upon his own charges: This would be Knight Errantry and the office of a Don Quixot. It is the perquiſite that quickens the Clerk to do what his duty directs. Meſſengers *&c.* Muſt not think, that I am actuated by ſpite, private pique, or ill will: Nay on the contrary, my prayer is that the whole *Banditti* may be ſaved.

To correct not expoſe is the bent of my mind,
A reproof is quite loſt when ill nature is join'd.

The materials for the moſt part, have been furniſhed by the Meſſengers themſelves; who have been ſo candid, as to point out their own errors alongwith thoſe of their Fraternity. An ingenuous acknowledgement of guilt, in a great meaſure merits pardon: And it would be

cruel in me not to point out and particularise the *Penitent*: Therefore, from the moſt potent of their number down to Willie Black the Reptile they ſhall obtain quarter. Publick Cenſors ought only to be affraid of the Thunder Bolts of Jove. The Author apprehends that ſo far from meriting their ill will, he deſerves their approbation and friendſhip. He has endeavoured to put a Beacon before them, in order to prevent their foundering on Rocks fatal to them, and briefly pointed out the modern practice which in future ought to be avoided.

MESSENGERS
HIGH ROAD
TO
DESTRUCTION.

WHEN you go to poind; if the man's *wife* hits your fancy, take her into cuſtody, ſplit her *Tackles*, cornufy her huſband; Roup the houſe, regardleſs of the cries of the *Whore's Birds*, put the money in your pocket, and apply the ſame to your own purpoſes; notwithſtanding any law or practice to the contrary, *vide* M'Intyre *contra* junior Watſon, of modern date.

How unlike is this practice to that of ſenior Watſon, who after he had put a man in Jail, upon enquiry, found him unable to pay, and that his Wife and family were in deplorable circumſtances; he inſtantly relented, paid the debt out of his own pocket, relieved

alſo

alſo his ſtarving family, and never after, could be prevailed upon to put a man in priſon; for this action, he deſerves to be ſtruck out of the *Almanack*, as his practice is the puny practice of *piety* and not the grand *diabolical practices* of the moderns.

II. Dont content yourſelf with arreſting and diſabling a ſhip, you muſt poind her and bring a ſpale off the main top to the croſs, as a ſymbol, although it was found you ought to bring the whole ſhip to the croſs.

III. Carry no notaries with you; theſe vermin are uſeleſs and impertinent; they are apt on many occaſions, to curb your practice with law, and their ſuperior knowlege; although a poinding lately was found void and null in reſpect a notary was not preſent.

IV. In caſe the doors be ſhut on your approach to poind, ſend an unſuſpected perſon with a blank letter in his hand, addreſſed on the back to thoſe you want to catch or tear to pieces. This will uſher you in with your *infernals* at your back, and render letters of *open doors* altogether unneceſſary.

V. Let your appriſers be the *ſcum* of the *earth*, void of all humanity or conſcience and genuine *Knights* of the *Poſt*.——It does not ſignify whether

whether you take witneſſes along with you; *Staff* and *Dog* are good ones.

VI. In caſe the doors or gates ſhould be ſhut, put one of your concurrences over the wall, and make the ſame open.

VII. In caſe difficulties ariſe anent you obtaining acceſs; diſpatch one of your *Poſſy* for *Vulcan* Cairnton, who with his fore-hammer will do the buſineſs at a ſmaller expence than letters of *open doors*.——Signet letters upon the whole, are fooliſh things, and may be ſubſtitute to ſave time and expence by the impreſſion of a *Crown Piece*.

VIII. It is a groſs impoſition to pay the Lord Lyon fees, hold of his court, or regard his regulations. And though theſe who act thus, are hated by the *Fleſhers*, yet they are dearly beloved by the *Drovers*.——Any perſon too, may aſſume the office of a notary without fees, or qualifications. *Vide* Duncan Campbell of Cowden-hill, who was a ſhining light for a great number of years in the notary way, and, notwithſtanding his forgeries, carried both his *hands* to the grave in *peace*.

IX. When you ſummond any perſon before the General Aſſembly, ſay *in his Majeſty's name and authority*: And when you ſummond on ſig-

net

not letters, ſay *in name and authority of the Court of Seſſion.* *Vide* the divine meſſenger.

X. When you go to apprehend or poind, if you get your temper ruffled in the leaſt by your priſoner, murder him on the ſpot, *vide* Rule in Berwick-ſhire, a pretty young gentleman, baſely ſlain of late *per* the *meſſenger* and his *infernal poſſy*. This is only murder *ſecundum artem*, like that of an unſkilful phyſician or ſurgeon, and no enquiry will be made. *O tempora! O mores!*

XI. When you poind, there is not the leaſt occaſion for leaving a ſchedule, carry off the goods *brevi manu* as Thomas Anderſon's pack, Coldingham *per* Lorain

XII. If your priſoners heſitate but for one moment to come along, bruiſe them to death, threaten to cut them in *pound weights* and carry them off. Piſtols will be better than *White Puddings* in your pockets. Theſe terrify poor debtors, and prodigiouſly frighten women and children; beſides, by touching their *trickers*, you may come to the gallows ſooner than you otherwiſe would by the common courſe of nature.

XIII James Glover in Dalkieth, never drew his hanger but once, when he boldly offered battle to the whole town of Haddington; His practice ever ſince, has been the practice of piety.

XIV.

XIV. When you have an admiral precept for arreſting ſhips in the harbour of Leith, *&c.* you may upon that precept arreſt all ſhips that come into that harbour, becauſe, although they are not indebted to your employer; they may be indebted to him at ſome time or other.

XV. Siſts upon bills of ſuſpenſion are very eaſily obtained, for the ſake of the bill chambers perquiſite, after hours; but you would be arrant fools to pay any reſpect to ſuch ſiſts, when thus obtained.

N. B. There are a number of inſignificant practitioners, all meſſengers in Edinburgh; but as they are not thought worthy of a place in the *Almanack's Liſt*, I deſpiſe to give them the honor of my notice; but I ſwear by the *Sutors of Selkirk* and the *Earl of Home*, that unleſs they *repent*, they ſhall all periſh.

Now gentlemen, I have given you fifteen injunctions, the preciſe number given you by the Lord Lyon king of arms, of date, 10*th March* 1772. *His Lordſhip's injunctions, though they differ widely from mine, and are conform to law; yet I am confident, the preceding* Diabolical ones *will be more kindly received, as being more ſuitable to your* inclinations, *and the ſtraight* Poſt Road *to the deſtruction of* yourſelves *and the* Lieges. *May the* DEVIL *who inſpired*

ſpired them, harden your hearts, *and ſtrengthen your* hands *to perſeviere in the* modern practice, *untill you all ſafely arrive in* Belzebub's Boſom, Amen.

A

H Y M N,

To be ſung by CATCHPOLES every morning in their families.

IF I oppreſs mankind this day,
Perdition be my lot;
Let all I have fall in decay,
My bowels in me rot.

If widows and the fatherleſs,
I e'er give cauſe to cry;
Or pris'ner make the moneyleſs,
deſpairing let me die.

Such meaſure as I this day give,
May it be met to me,
And may my offspring never thrive,
If I extort high fee.

If guile and fraud or cruel deed,
Flow from my heart or hand,
Accurſed be myſelf and ſeed
May we be ever damn'd.

N. B.

N. B. If this is ſung with ſincerity in the morning, it is to be hoped the *Catchpole* will behave well all the day long.

A

POEM,

MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO

SIR JOHN FIELDING,

LONDON.

Nemo ſine crimine vivit.

YE judges wrapt in condemnation,
delighting to weed God's creation,
Say, if the rogues were pull'd away,
Would not ſociety decay?
A fiddle never is in Tone,
When all the ſtrings are uniſon;
If ev'ry Man were NEAL the Printer,
This world wou'd not be worth a ſplinter;
For all mankind by Divine Grace,
Are form'd to fill their proper place.
Behold CLAUDERO, as contraſt
To bigot and enthuſiaſt:

Let ev'ry ſopho take rebuff,
And ſee the fool in *Jamie Duff;*
Or, read his lordſhip's wild relation
Of human race in degradation,
While others link them to the ſkies;
Tranſplanting them to paradiſe.
Why, if we had no whore or rogue,
Ev'n honeſty wou'd loſe its vogue.
The judges ſon oft turns a Thief,
His wife and daughters whores, the chief;
Ev'n wet and dry, as darkneſs, light,
By interchanges, give delight.
How can a judge correct the whore
Who has oblig'd him oft before?
How can he thieves or rogues controul,
When weigh'd his avaricious ſoul?
See king of pruſs eſcape the rope
And halters; far leſs robbers ſtop;
And law ſeems but a trap of ſtate,
To hang low rogues, and ſave the great:
Moſt of the pilf'ring in our nation,
Alas! is owing to ſtarvation;
For 'tis a fact, or I'll be bang'd,
Far worſe to ſtarve than to be hang'd.
'Tis no great virtue in the rich,
For ſtealing to have little itch;
But dire neceſſity invents
A ſinful ſhift, for want of Rents.
The beſt way to reclaim a thief
Is, feed the rogue with good roaſt beef;
For whipping will have no effect;
And death ſucceeds a corded neck.

When

When labour's gone, and trade is dead,
What ſhall mechanics do for bread?
Sure in this kingdom few will ſtay,
That can eſcape by any way.
Labour to health and wealth conduces,
But puniſhment more rogues produces;
Ev'n ſo a hedge the cloſer grows,
The oft'ner gard'ners top its rows:
The milder laws are in a ſtate,
More honeſty they do create:
For when a rogue is once diſgrac'd,
To ev'ry crime he turns bare-fac'd.
When judges act with moderation,
They are the glory of a nation;
Rogues may be hunted and purſu'd,
But never finally ſubdu'd.
The taſk will be Herculean,
An office for a fooliſh man;
For ev'n ſuppoſe rogues off were tore,
The honeſt folk wou'd ſoon get more:
Like Syſiphus the judge may groan,
To roll eternally the ſtone,
Which ay rebounding down the hill,
The wretch is damn'd to roll it ſtill.
The growth of whores too in our nation,
Is plainly owing to ſtarvation:
For, give the laſſes work, and feed them,
To honeſty you ſoon will breed them:
'Tis meagre want, when deſtitute;
That makes ev'n virtue proſtitute;
And humble beauty often muſt
Be ſacrific'd to op'lent luſt;
Which, void of ſentiment, or ſhame,

Ev'n

Ev'n boaſts what it ſhould bluſh to name.
Were I diſpoſed here to joke,
I'd beg to hang the honeſt folk;
The judge might then his taſk fulfill,
And very little blood too, ſpill.
'Tis neither Engliſhman nor Scott,
That lives on earth, and ſinneth not:
Let moderation juſtice bend,
And mercy be your darling end.
All God's creation will approve,
Reclaim'd by goodneſs and by love.

DORNOCK's Diſtreſs.

A

TRAGICAL DIALOGUE.

SCENE I. *Ecclefechin.*

DORNOCK *Solus.*

O Heavens ſupport my every ſenſe!
A large eſtate! yet barr'd from pence!
Truſt deeds and curs'd adjudications,
Bonds, inhibitions, damn'd vexations,
Oppreſs my land and tear my ſoul,
While intereſt on intereſts roll.
A gentleman!——O hated name;
Rapacious rogues purſue the game,

Like

Like as the hounds the timid hare;
Sp———ll and others ſmell me there:
M'M——— too, fam'd for his noſe,
Blood ſuckers, falſe friends, worſt of foes,
Purſue my foot, they beat each brake,
To pick my bones, me bankrupt make,
Shall I worth twenty thouſand pounds,
Fall down a victim to theſe hounds.
Where ſhall I fly to build *relief?*
For ſure each writer is a thief,
Who will conjoin and lend their aid,
Turn head and tail juſt as their paid;
A broken Laird affords fine picking,
To raſcals whoſe ſole trade is tricking:
Yet to ſome one I muſt apply,
That rogue 'gainſt rogues his ſkill may try,
A Paſtor's ſon my neighbour near,
Who alſo thirſts to ſwill my cheer,
Muſt be my choice. Let fear be huſh
A drowning man will catch a buſh.

Enter Paſtoris Filius, *a writer.*

Pray Douglas, Dornock's rightful heir,
Can I aſſwage or heal your care?
Can I by law or ſubtile wile,
By intervention thoſe beguile,
Whoſe ſteady ſcent tread on your toes—
Say can I counteract your foes!
For I am learned in the law,
And will a diſpoſition draw;
In my own perſon veſt your lands,
To ſave it from the vulture's hands.—

Adviſed

Adviſed be, haſte, ſign the deed.—
You wont miſtruſt the Godly ſeed.

Dornock. Stop ſhort my buck, I ſmell a rat,
And gueſs too what you're driving at;
With ſham pretexts you ſlyly aim,
By cunning to run down the game;
Such maſter ſtrokes of writers ſkill
Deter me from the dang'rous quill:
I'll give a fee with all my heart,
But not one fur of land I'll part;
Here's a round ſum, eſpouſe my cauſe
[*giving a purſe.*
I aſk no ſhelter but from laws;
Juſtice I want and aſk no more,
Procure me that for yellow Ore;
But if you e'er aſſume to name
Transferrence that deteſted game,
I'll ſcorn your aid tho' ſon of church
And in the abbey rather lurch,
Let ev'ry villain do his worſt,
I'm Dornick; they may go be curſt.
[*Paſtoris Filius aſide.*
I'm bauk'd by Jove,—he dreads my ſcheme.—
And wont diveſt or yield the game.—
Another project I muſt try,
His creditors I'll artful ply,
His debts I'll purchaſe, here and there,
And then I'll hound him as a hare. [*Exit.*

Vide Decreet of Ranking.

SCENE

SCENE II. Abby of Holyroodhouſe

DORNOCK *Solus.*

GOOD God! my fate is wond'rous hard,
A ſubject for a Tragic Bard,
I'm rich, yet poor, a paradox,
May ev'ry writer rot with pox.
Betray'd and ſpung'd, harraſs'd and chac'd,
By muckworm raſcals ſtraitly lac'd,
And forc'd to ſhelter in this place
Where Duns in vain do ſhow their face:
Depriv'd of money, bilk'd by all.
An Abbey Laird they Dornock call.

Enter Scoundrel Grant.

Sir, may I make bold to aſk the cauſe,
Why here you ſhelter from the laws;
Your face beſpeaks your gentle birth,
Tho' frowns o'erſhade it more than mirth;
Perhaps you have a large eſtate
Encumbered with great debate:
If ſo, I am an honeſt man,
Deſcended from a martial clan;
An agent too, my name is Grant,
So pious, ſome folk call me ſaint:
If you'll permit, I lend my aid,
But agents act not till they're paid;
Perhance juſt now you're ſcarce of caſh,
Yet watches here are arrant traſh;
Let me have that into your breeches
And I will muſter up ſome ſpeeches:

That

That without doubt will extricate
And purge from debt our large eſtate.
Dornock. The watch is Gold, and all that's left
Of every Shilling I'm bereft;
But if you're honeſt, as you ſay,
The watch I'll freely give away:
Here, take it, worthy Mr Grant,
Too ſmall a Fee for ſuch a ſaint;
But, pardon me, I have ſome doubt,
Like my laſt Agent you'll turn out.
Grant. May Poxes rot my Blood and Bones,
As alſo mortify my Stones,
If e'er I from your intereſt Swerve,
But faithfully my Client ſerve. [*Exit.*
Dornock ſolus. Was ever man ſo fool'd and bit?
Damn Grant, the biggeſt ſcoundrel yet.——
Sure Hell wont cloſe while he is out.——
I'm ruin'd now without all doubt.

Enter a Banker of Probity and great Worth, taking Dornock by the hand.

Banker. Dear gentle Sir, diſpel your Grief.
Accept my hand, accept relief,
From Harpies I will ſet you free,
Diſcharge them all and truſt to me:
A Bargain fair I'll inſtant make,
Judge for yourſelf, my offer take.
Dornock. Your gen'rous Soul has fired mine
My lands are yours, the deed I'll ſign.—
I'm now above the power of want.
And freed from that curs'd Scoundrel Grant:

To

To him and Raſcals not a few,
I now for ever bid Adieu. [*Exit*

Enter Scoundrel Grant, Paſtoris Filius, *and their Aſſociates.*

Grant. Rage, Vengeance, Fury, Aid me now,
The lands are ſold, what ſhall we do?
Infom the Son, and ſpur him on———
To law, to law, or we're undone.
G. M. But where's the proof? their lies the Diel.-
Grant. I'll ſwear for one, that he's facile
Cauſa Scientiæ, here's his Watch,
Which for a triffle I did catch.
I will betray him all I can,
And put his papers in your hand;
Paſtoris Filius too will join
Though he has touched Dornock's Coin.
We'll ſwear ſuch Oaths and never flinch,
As will convince the ſacred Bench
That he's a Man in human Shape,
With intellects of puny Ape;
And that the Banker over reach'd,
By Doctrines baſe as e'er was preach'd.
G. M. But if your Oaths ſhould meet detection
Where will ſuch Roguery find Protection?
Grant. Hell is the damn'd infernal ſhore,
Where perjur'd Agents loudly roar,
Nor Hell I fear, at my great Change,
My Soul is bent on dire revenge.

Exeunt Omnes.

A

POEM

ON THE

Lamentable Deſtruction of the Sign-poſts in Edinburgh, Leith and Canongate, 1771.

NUMBER I.

THE Innovations of our day
Deſerve the Poets ſong,
Melpomene come join the ſpray,
And all the tuneful throng.

Lament the Lyon of Will Hall,
As alſo Omon's Bear;
Now pinion'd faſt unto the wall,
No more they rear in Air.

The Horſe, the Bull, the Pugg, the Dog,
The Eagle and the Swan;
Let Hope now mourn his Golden Hog,
And Young his Pelican.

Neal's pretty Pigeons, harmleſs things,
They now have flown away,
And Binny's Beaver from his Rings,
Alas! has gone aſtray.

The

The Fox and ſcourge, the reaping Scythe,
And eke the Lemon Tree,
No longer make their owners blythe
But fall to deſtiny.

Craigillechin, that ancient rock,
No more hangs over head
Town Council Acts, like powder's ſtroke
Will rend huge ſtones indeed.

M'Dermid's Fir Tree ever green,
Is blaſted from its link;
The beſt ſtrong Ale that e're was ſeen
We often there did drink.

Now Pandœmonium is its name,
For good Ale needs no buſh;
Both Saint and Sinner love the ſame,
And to his Temple ruſh.

The Sun, the Moon and ſparkling Stars,
O ſtrange! are pulled down,
And batted to the Walls with Spars,
With many a Regal Crown.

Orlando's Black with Boot in hand
Has made a nice retreat;
The pretty Boy yet makes his ſtand,
Nor dreads the Council's hate

The Turk's head too, where Lordly fare
Did Nobles entertain,
Is lopped off from Tavern rare
Kept by the civil Bain.

Wild's Ram, ridic'lous ſign of Snuff,
Hath too retrench'd his horn;
Reid's Indian Queen too, wild enough,
Is likewiſe backward born.

Scot's Cock who ſtood for many years
In wanton Laſſes view,
No more our Hens the Cockie cheers,
For to his Rooſt he flew.

Brave Brown's Huſſar on Horſe back rode,
Well mounted *Cap a pee*;
In Air no longer makes abode,
At manger now is he.

Like Jona's Gourd, thy Dial plate,
O Skirven took its flight,
For Time and Tide none will abide
The morning flies to night.

The great Gun too, from Airy field
Is ſpik'd to yonder Wall;
All you who wear the Sword and Shield,
Lament this Cannon's fall.

Great George the third, his Regal Buſt,
Is likewiſe pulled down,
Dumbreck, at Treaſon now thou muſt
Wear on thy brow a frown.

In Niddry's wynd, Buchanan's head
Points out a Dunces Shop,
No ſcience in his ſkull but greed,
The learn'd head now muſt drop.

Old

Old barber Blair, thy antique Sign
Muſt fall before thyſelf;
Thy razor now thou may reſign
Which wont to bring thee Pelf.

The Maſons Arms of Him in Leith
Are torn from off the ſhore,
No wonder then he gnaſh his Teeth
And give a brutal roar.

No more he'll Judge the ſwift of foot
Upon a Pillar's top,
His viſage black now as the ſoot
Prognſticates a rope.

Such havock in the Seventy one
Was made in the good Town
As made ſome laugh and others groan
For Public weal we own.

[NUMBER II.]

IN doleful ſtrains the theme purſue,
Condole each plunder'd ſtreet,
From port to port, O muſe review,
the havock now compleat.

But ſpare to ſcourge the drown'd in Grief,
And ſoftly ſlide along;
Lament the Tinſel of my Chief,
Let Gavin grace my ſong.

The Patentee can ne'er compare
The leather works of thine,

Tho'

Tho' now thy boot hangs not in Air,
Thy ſcience needs no ſign.
Our Couſin James, his gilded key
Muſt fall too by this doom,
The chief of Vulcan's pedegree
May he for ever bloom.

Cockburn's dragon and St. George
No more attracts our eye,
St. Andrew too has got the ſcourge:
O ſtrange impiety!

Thou Ceres Goddeſs of the ſheaf,
Which grac'd Ralph Hardie's ſhop,
Thy fall before Autumnal leaf
Fled with Clark's Teleſcope.

Oe'rwhelm'd in Grief we mortals view
The Gods deſcend to fate,
Old Adam's fall our guild renew,
While Richmond tears his Pate.

The Barbers Poles and Dyers too,
No longer ſhall appear;
M'Bain's Star is ecclipſed now,
In this deſtructive year.

Now Bremner's Harp ſhall point no more
Appolo's Sons the way,
Nor Oſſian's head the loyal Shore
Where honeſty bore ſway.

Ill Fortune ſnatch'd the Croſs Keys too,
The Anchor left its hold,

Miln's

Miln's candleſticks to Patmos flew,
Where they were ſeen of old.

The Whale no longer leads the way
To Bacchus ſons of joy,
The golden horſe has gone aſtray;
Great pity to deſtroy.

The pine apple is ſwallow'd down
The ſugar loaves are gone,
The Black's head ſold beſt ſnuff in town;
Is likewiſe overthrown.

M'kell has wreck'd his fiſhing boat,
His ſalmon is no more,
His cages now as lumber rot,
On the deſtructive ſhore.

The Black bull ſtood for ſeventy years,
At laſt has turn'd his tail;
The lion red, yet ſtill appears,
As old behind the jail.

The lanthorns and the trumpets loud,
No favour could obtain:
No quarter giv'n to rich or proud,
To ſave them was in vain.

Such hurly burly and ſuch din,
By this ſad devaſtation,
Some ſaid ſuch havock was a ſin
And ſcandal in our nation.

Dumbreck to London ſent expreſs,
For grace and for reprive,

His

His Majeſty cannot do leſs;
May regal buſts long thrive.
May Heav'n preſerve our Weather-cocks,
Our ſteeples and our ſpires;

Our royal ſtatues keep from ſtrokes,
From Thunder and from fires.

NUMBER II.

READERS, indulge me this third time,
Sometimes in proſe, ſometimes in rhime
To ſay or ſing as ſuits me beſt,
My tale of ſign-poſts now at reſt.

George Mackie's ſhip with full ſpread ſail,
Has ſuffer'd by this violent gale.
His wife ſhe was a princeſs born,
Her father never wore a horn;
He manufactur'd booots and ſhoes,
And by aſſiſtance of his ſpouſe,
Fair tenements in portſburgh rear'd,
Was both a poet and a laird.
Right wonderfull was this ſame caſe,
For poets ſeldom have ſuch grace;
But in top ſtories not their own,
Like Claud, ſpue nonſenſe thro' the town.
A ſpecimen of Criſpin's verſe,
In his own words I ſhall rehearſe;
Wrote underneath the knife and crown,
Which ſhows he was a witty lown.

" I John Rammage wi' my ain hands
Wan the Siller that bigget thir lands,

And

And Elſpet Black, my ſweet-heart,
Span the thread, and plaid her part."

Blackwood in Calton, how unfit
To match his merit, craft, or wit,
At beſt thou'rt a feceding elf;
And laſts thy conſcience for the pelf.

The Calton Vulcans can no more
Hang *ecce ſignums* o'er each door,
For them my muſe bore great regard,
And wiſh'd ſuch plunder had been ſpar'd,
For labour's theirs, and decent worth,
Each Wedneſday ſets their merit forth:
Their works bear witneſs on the ſtreet,
That they are vulcan's ſons compleat.

Cam'ron and Carol juſt and true,
In Canongate their trade purſue;
For upholſtry work, they London brave,
And call none of their bus'neſs knave,
Nor go about like Lupus Lamb,
Their brothers work to court or damn.
No crown or cuſhion or death train,
But all is ſimple neat and plain.
Matchleſs aſſurance is thy own,
Thy impudence even ſcorns a frown;
How much unlike to brother Ruſſel,
Who acts upright deſpiſing buſtle.

You taylors now in potter-row,
Whoſe ſigns, once proud, are now laid low;
For ſhame your funds no more devour,
But give ſubſiſtence to your poor;

Leſt Egypt's plagues attack your borders,
And fill your boſoms with diſorders.

Great Granby's buſt has gone to pot,
From Duncan's door receiv'd a ſhot;
We mourn in vain this fatal deed,
For laurels ſhould have crown'd his head!

The knives, the ſciſſars and the ſaw,
Which lately in Leith wynd did fa',
Shall never wound, far leſs o'erthrow,
Boog's edge tools pleaſe both high and low!

Bad ale in new ſtreet's on a door,
Deſign'd for wit you may be ſure,
Yet true it is as I'm alive,
How can this houſe expect to thrive?

Drunk Pate Stev'n upon the walk,
Now ceaſe I beg, thy beaſtly talk,
Thy gallows ſign is pulled down,
Before the gallows got its own.
A rope is an informers due,
Pray Pate does it belong to you?

A Leghorn noſe becomes thee STEEL
On ſhore of Leith ſqueez'd caſh you feel,
And damns all thoſe for want of ſenſe,
Whoſe cabinets are ſcarce of pence.
My ſon get money is the rule,
And he who wants it is a fool.

Tom Soot forgive and be forgiv'n,
Or elſe thy arms will ne'er reach Heav'n,
CLAUD was provok'd, the fault was thine,
Hail welcome Tom to thy propine.

FINIS.